

Daily Eagle

W. H. BURDOCK, Editor.

Wichita and Bag Bag.

Wichita's enterprise does not always meet with deserving encouragement, but, on the contrary, is often, by the envious, openly criticised, and even ridiculed. Curtis, of the Chicago Record, took a long imaginary detour in the vain effort to belittle our evident greatness, and to obliterate the famous footprints the town has imprinted on the sands of time. These efforts, begotten, as they are, of jealousy, or otherwise inspired by an ambition to appear smart, in falling of their aim are yet valuable in a way. The name of no town on this continent of its size is more familiar than that of Wichita. Writers everywhere, of impossible romances, of strange occurrences or of unaccountable abnormalities, desiring to locate their story, name Wichita. A month ago half the enterprising journals of the country were printing pictures of Jim Tapp and descending on his Salvation Army platform as a candidate for the mayoralty. And thus it has been one thing or another, almost every month, for years. The last sensation is the generous proposition of the naves managers of the State Fair association, at Wichita, to General Funston, the brave Kansas boy, to give an illustration, or a practical demonstration, of his swimming feat at Bag Bag, for the better information of the admiring people of his own state, who are now with such unanimity including his name in their bed-time prayers. This commendable enterprise, this bright idea, or desire upon the part of Wichita to add to the fame of a favorite son, linked to a guaranty of generous remuneration in the way of a money testimonial, tendered in the most delicate way, is being characterized by certain envious sheets as unmitigated gall, as a disgrace to the state and as a reflection on the achievements of one of its noblest sons. The journals of more than one city notably jealous of Wichita have attempted illustrations of the proposed exhibition, picturing the banks of the Little Arkansas as fortified, with old stove-pipes for guns, behind which are lined up a force of strangers armed with pitchforks, hoes, rakes and the like. In the foreground is the peaceful river, its waters dotted with the heads of heroes, their swords and guns in their mouths, all swimming for dear life, Funston conspicuously in the lead. In the background are the State Fair buildings, on the bridge a Dutch band blowing their heads off, and a pen of fat hogs standing on their hind legs peering over the fence at the unwonted and exciting episode. And yet so evidently a drawing card, such an evidence of genius, is characterized by our enemies as gall, just as they stigmatized Tapp as a freak, and the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which is to convene in Wichita in a few days to solve the transportation question, as a piece of pure presumption.

Admiral Dewey's Successor.

Dewey is coming home. Whether by way of the Pacific or the Atlantic he is coming home to a welcome that promises to prove a greater strain upon him than his latest duties as commander of the Asiatic fleet. He is to be succeeded by Rear Admiral Watson, an officer who would have been heard from had he been afforded the opportunity. At any rate it is eminently fitting that he should take Dewey's place. Dewey and Watson were both protégés of Farragut. The former found a brilliant opportunity to prove the trust Farragut placed in him, the latter, through some strange fatality received no command of importance during the war. Watson was placed in command of the mythical European squadron with which Secretary Long and the war board terrified the people of the Spanish coast and drove the Spanish press into hysterics. His name was better known in Spain during the war than in this country.

While there will be no great naval opportunity in the Asiatic command, it is a post of great responsibility and honor. It is probable that the navy will be called upon to undertake many delicate missions in the various islands of the archipelago. Moreover, Manila has become an outpost of our interests in the continent of Asia. We may be forced to cry from Manila in a tone that will be heard at Pekin: "Hands off!" Rear Admiral Watson will have at last a command that is worthy of his brilliant record.

When Dewey comes home the interviewers will pursue him night and day. He has had a number of chances to talk to the press, even while on his ship in the harbor of Manila. But he has steadfastly refused to walk into the trap. Will he be as discreet when he reaches America and finds that the people of the United States are ready and willing to concede that he is the greatest man of his time? That is a question which is often asked, and is usually answered in the affirmative. Everybody believes that Dewey is the right sort and that he will steadfastly refrain from putting his foot in it.

No Man's Land Stovepipes.

The Eagle contained an official warning the other day against the removal or destruction of government corner landmarks in Oklahoma. The Lawrence Journal, whose editor is well acquainted with "the lay of the land" in western Oklahoma, says that "the order warning Oklahoma settlers against removing or destroying landmarks reminds the Journal of a funny thing that happened to landmarks in No Man's Land. In establishing corners the engineers used galvanized pipe, about six or eight inches across, with a wide piece of the same material riveted to the bottom. A square hole was dug in the ground at the 'corner' to be marked, the square piece was laid flat in the bottom of the hole, and the hole filled with dirt, allowing the pipe to project a foot or so above the ground. This kind of corner could be easily seen above the short buffalo grass for a long distance, and it was easy to locate a 'quarter' in any part of the forlorn district. That is, it was easy until the settlers came. After that it wasn't. They built their houses of the virgin sod, and as stovepipe was high and hard to get, they proceeded to dig up the government landmarks and convert them into pipe. Prudent efforts were made by the government authorities to stop the desecration, but for the most part in vain, and even now, above the sagging roof of many a deserted sod shanty of No Man's Land there protrudes a half dozen 'government corners' that ought to be doing duty out on the prairies that were intended by the Good Lord as a pasture for grazing herds and faithful herdsmen."

The Struggle for Wealth and Position.

Wealth or position are necessary to happiness. There is no happiness possible except in contentment whatever the lot or position. The people of no other country struggle after and so long for wealth as the Americans, and no generation of the past equals the present in that particular. A large per cent of the youth of the country imagine that if they possessed money they would be happy. There is no greater mistake. The happiest people are not moneyed people, and the unhappiest are to be found among the wealthy. And this is equally true of position. The wife of Count Minto, of the Tyrol, being unhappy in her married life, and living at Rome, concluded to drown herself in the Tiber. She went out one evening to do so, and was climbing on the parapet of a bridge when a woman passing apprehended the countess. To this woman the countess told her story, with the result that instead of jumping into the Tiber the two exchanged clothes, the countess throwing her

hat and cloak overboard to give a false scent to her disappearance. The disappearance happened last February, and the conclusion was that the countess was drowned. Recently she was found selling flowers in the street at Florence, being more content in this gaining a livelihood than in trying to get along with her husband. Her relatives have come to the rescue and placed her in an establishment for the cure of nervous diseases, which is by no means expected to be the end of the romance.

The Ship for the North Pole.

The newspapers and magazines have had much to say of late of the wonderful performances of the great ship, the invention of a Russian, and which in being built is accomplishing all that was claimed in its behalf. This powerful steamer, which was built in England according to plans furnished by Vice Admiral Makaroff, recently entered the harbor of Cronstadt, after cutting its way clear through the surrounding ice. Thence it went to Revel, where it opened a channel through a large and thick sheet of ice, and thus enabled several steamers to gain the open sea. During the summer the Ermack will go to the sea of Kara, and, if it is as successful there as it has been in removing the obstacles that closed the ports of the Baltic, it will push on toward the north in the direction of the Francis Joseph archipelago. Finally, if all goes well, the steamer will attempt to solve the problem of the North Pole, and that she will prove successful in this attempt, is the opinion of many who have seen what she has already done. That she has rendered an immense service in the Baltic is unquestionable. The Russian ports henceforth will remain open the entire year, in spite of the ice; steamships will no longer be impeded as heretofore, and maritime transactions can go on as easily as in summer. In a word, it is claimed that this steamer has done and will continue to do the work which will stamp her as one of the most useful naval vessels of the century.

The Fastest Boat in the U. S. Navy.

The launching of the torpedo boat destroyer Dahlgren at Bath, Me., will be made quite a social event. The destroyer is to be christened by Mrs. Dahlgren, the wife of a son of the admiral, and a party of friends will leave Washington in a private car as the guests of Mrs. Dahlgren to see her break the traditional bottle of champagne over the prow of the small craft as she glides into the water.

The boat is designed to be the fleetest authorized for the navy and is expected to develop 30 knots an hour. It is one of fifteen vessels of the same type, now in course of construction at various shipyards.

The contract price for the hull and machinery of the Dahlgren, exclusive of ordnance and outfit, is \$194,000. The boat is 147 feet long, 16 feet 4 1/2 inches extreme breadth, and has a mean draft of 4 feet 7 1/2 inches and a displacement of 146.4 tons.

The Dahlgren is fitted with two deck discharging tubes for 18-inch Whitehead automobile torpedoes, and carries a battery of four one-pounder rapid-fire guns. The speed trial of the boat will be made at an early date, after which she will be sent to the Portsmouth navy yard to be placed in commission.

The War Not Exactly Ended.

Governor Thomas of Colorado would have the country understand that he is astir of a kicking rule and armed with a Gatling gun and a Mauser, and that he will stand no foolishness. He proclaims that the war is over, and according to the terms of enlistment the Colorado volunteers must be discharged and sent home. If that is not war in Luzon, what is it? Again, if it is not war, where is the danger. Peace was arranged with Spain, it is true, but some of Spain's former subjects insist on keeping up the war. The Colorado troops have covered themselves with glory while fighting in defense of their flag. They would do as much or their own soil because they are Americans first and Coloradans afterwards. They volunteered to serve in the army of the United States for two years. They did not volunteer to serve in a Colorado army for a single minute. Under their oaths of enlistment they are soldiers of the republic for two years, and not soldiers of Colorado at all.

Another Pacific Island Located.

Discovering islands in the Pacific is much like discovering new stars in the sky, the discoverer being entitled to his find. Uncle Sam is liable to own his full share of the Pacific by the time the curtain goes down. Some navigators declared that there was an island in a remote and unexplored corner of the Pacific, and called it Wake's Island, after the captain who first reported it. Other navigators denied that such a place existed. Chart makers were uncertain. To settle the dispute the United States gunboat Bennington was ordered to cruise in the locality, and after long search found the island. It is in latitude 19.17 north, longitude 166.31 east. The island is only 29 feet at its highest point above the sea, but is visible in clear weather some eight miles. Myriads of sea gulls and water fowl make Wake's Island their home. The only quadrupeds the Bennington found on the bit of solid land were large numbers of rats of enormous size.

That country reporter at Hot Springs, Virginia, is a daisy. He speaks of Lyman Gage's face brightening up when news of an American advance in the Philippines was told to him. What if Gage's face did brighten up? What has Gage got to do with it?

General Gordon hugged and kissed Mrs. Jefferson Davis at the Confederate reunion, amidst great applause. It was all right for Gordon to do so. And that reminds us that Hobson's fault in kissing lay principally in his youth.

The authorities at Washington are intimating to Dewey that he return home by way of San Francisco. This is an administration that is not laboring under the illusion that New York is America.

Dewey has been offered a special train to use as soon as he reaches America. How we hope Dewey will refuse it and have the sense, when he comes home, to refuse it.

A friend, speaking for General Miles, says that the general is not a candidate for the presidency. What a relief it will be for Major McKinley to hear this.

Fred Funston is brave, of course, but we should not forget that other Kansas, John Waller, who faced alone the whole French army in Madagascar.

The Queen of Spain has decorated German Admiral Tirpitz for Germany's friendship for Spain during the war. Why not Admiral Von Diederich?

The Chicago dropped the shadow of one of its guns on the coast of Morocco the other day, and Morocco split its trousers in paying that claim.

There are some strikes over the country. But strikes are better than closed factories and mines, such as the nation had under Cleveland.

The last meeting of the Philippine congress failed to muster a quorum. Most of the members were out indulging in the national foot-race.

The mummy of Tothmes I. has been discovered. Mr. Tothmes lived in Egypt about 4,000 years ago and was in the king business.

Mrs. George's first lecture was attended by fourteen people, whose names are suppressed by the newspapers.

The whole trouble with Miles is that he has been too much of a general and too little of a soldier.

Fred Funston needs but one thing to cap his career. Kipling should write a poem about him.

Some one should start a subscription list to buy Fred Funston a natatorium.

Dorothy's Trick.

Dorothy Vane, a pretty young girl of 18, was sitting beside the cheery open fireplace in her cozy home, deeply absorbed in a highly sentimental novel, which she was very fond of reading.

Her mother died when Dorothy was very young, and her father, being a busy man, had not much time to spend with her. She had a devoted daughter, so, when not occupied with her studies, Dorothy spent most of her time reading romantic and impossible love stories.

When she graduated from school at the age of 16 she became engaged to Arthur Raymond, a promising young man, and the son of an old friend of Mr. Vane's. That they loved each other was not to be doubted, and would have been very happy had not Dorothy's pretty curly head been filled with silly notions and fancies gained from her beloved novels.

She had just finished a chapter in a novel, when she was startled by a knock at the door. "Oh, I wonder if I can't cause him to," and Dorothy sat thinking deeply for a few moments.

"Oh, I know what to do now," she cried, clasping her hands in delight, "and it will be such a good joke too."

Although her conscience told her she was doing wrong, she would not heed it, but sat down to her desk, writing the following note, which formed the main part of her plan:

"Dear Arthur, I write to bid you farewell, etc. I am going to die. I am quite sure you do not love me, as you never tell me about it much. So tonight, when the world sleeps, I am going to turn out the light and leaving I will be found lying cold and still on my couch. So I bid you a last good-by. Yours in despair, DOROTHY."

Reading this over with satisfaction, she hastily sealed and sent the faded out to post it, little thinking how much suffering that note was to cause on the morrow.

The bright sun awoke her early next morning, and she sprang out of bed with a happy laugh, as she remembered what she had planned to do. She soon arrayed her lovely golden curls hanging far below her waist.

"I have not long to wait now, for Arthur must have received my note by now, and will soon be here, and it is a joke to be on my couch so still, and when he reaches my side to jump up and surprise him? He surely will say lots of nice things to me then and be quite romantic. It will be just like a novel."

We will leave Dorothy to arrange herself on her couch, making a veritable "sleeping beauty."

Arthur Raymond was delighted to recognize Dorothy's writing amongst his morning mail as he sat leisurely eating his breakfast. He pressed the letter to his lips and then, breaking the seal, he commenced to read.

The meaning of those cruel words his face turned white as marble, and the room seemed whirling around him as he caught at the words for support. Then, springing up, he ran into the hall, and catching his hat from the stand he went out on the street. Hailing a cab he was soon speeding on his way to Dorothy's home.

It seemed to him as though the house he crawled and the awful suspense of mind seemed more than he could endure.

He reached Dorothy's house at last and rang the bell violently, feeling as though he must batter the door down before he was opened by the astonished maid, who gazed at him in amazement as he dashed by her and soon reached Dorothy's room.

Dorothy and what a sight! A young girl, with a wild, agonized expression in her eyes, lay on the floor, her head back, and her hands clasped in prayer.

Arthur was carried to another chamber, and when Dorothy regained consciousness she hurried to his closed door, waiting in terrible suspense to hear the verdict of the physician who had been summoned.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "forgive my great sin, and do not take my darling from me. If he dies I will be his murderer."

It seemed an eternity before the doctor came out and kindly told her that Arthur had recovered consciousness, but a severe attack of brain fever had set in.

Who can describe the long weeks of suspense and the awful remorse that Dorothy suffered while Arthur's life hung on a thread? They left indelible lines on her fair young face. At last, after long days of agony, came the happy news that Arthur had regained his senses and would recover.

Mr. Vane, at Dorothy's request, told the invalid of his daughter's plan, and when he heard of her doing such a cruel act, Dorothy waited outside, her heart beating painfully. Would Arthur still love her, or had she by her own act lost what was now dearer to her than life?

"My child, Arthur wants you," said Mr. Vane, coming to the door, and Dorothy went to him, her great happiness shining in her face. Arthur looked at her careworn face with tears of pity in his eyes.

"My poor darling, how you must have suffered," he whispered, as he drew her head down beside his pillow, and the doctor's heart was filled with happiness, and, pressing her cheek close to her future husband's face, she gave thanks to God for answering her prayer.—Boston Post.

A Day's Work.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

He was seated on the steps of the Griswold street side of the city hall. Tramp?

His face was rough and red and bleary and weary. One shoe was a boot—garden that—and the other boot was a shoe.

The man's hat was brimless and all crushed in on top and around his neck in lieu of a collar he had twisted an old frayed and greasy string tie. His coat was torn and green brown on the shoulders, his trousers ragged and his feet bare. He wore no vest, and the cheap negligee shirt may have been blue—once. Apparently the man was doing. His eyes were closed. But he may have held them that way because he was too lazy to wink.

He breathed hard. By and by he opened one eye half-way and squinted at the passer-by in the street. Finding it not at all inconvenient to keep that eye open, he opened the other. It was easy, and the man emitted a self-satisfied grunt.

Looking down just then he observed a bit of raveling on the left leg of his dirty, old trousers. He eyed that raveling critically. He held his head to one side and squinted at it. Then he held his head to the other side and squinted at it again. Finally, he slipped his hand down his trouser leg. His arm wasn't long enough for the hand to reach the raveling. The man sighed. For fully five minutes he gazed at that bit of raveling, he inclined his body and reaching down picked off the raveling. It dropped from his fingers to the stones, and settling back the man rested his head against the pillar and closed his eyes.

Signs of Spring.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Altogether the popularity of the shade side of the street.

The flowers that bloom in buttonholes. Absence of furry garments.

Then spring comes and the shirt-waist goes. The advent of the shirt-waist goes. The poetry hat.

Who's to Blame.

(From the Atchafalpa Globe.)

When a girl graduates she has an ambition to show the world what a noble woman with a high purpose as to her life, but she meets a man and marries him, and soon begins to get that funny look in her eyes.

Along the Kansas Nile.

One of Funston's favorite authors is Kipling. There are indications that Emporia's cases of smallpox will turn out to be measles.

Noble Prentiss' history of Kansas has been adopted by the Kansas text book commission.

It is said that Mrs. Lease at present charges only fifteen cents admission to her lectures.

Fred Funston would like something political, but he doesn't think the bosses would let him have anything.

Some of the people of Topeka, when asked to contribute to a fund to buy Fred Funston a sword, whacked up 5 cents.

Ed Howe says: "When women engage a nurse to watch a sick person they appoint one of the family to watch the nurse."

Kansas is to turn herself loose when the Twentieth returns and many a man will welcome the heroes of the Bag-Bag with a jag-jag.

There is some satisfaction to all writers in the fact that when Ingalls is bound down to writing a letter a week, his stout deteriorates.

It is said that the Great Western Store company of Leavenworth will join a stove trust which will be formed at Cincinnati this week.

Charles M. Sheldon, the Topeka minister, is becoming famous in London, where during the last month his books have had a heavy sale.

A large number of people are protesting against the proposed pardon of Emmett Dalton, the outlaw. Among those protesting is Lyman U. Humphrey.

If Ed Little is suffering from mental agony from being snubbed he is only meeting fitting recompense for his ridiculous case of pneumonic conch.

It falls to the lot of a Kansan occasionally to have these two consecutive thoughts in a period of three seconds: (1) "I wonder if it is a cyclone." (2) "It was."

Spencer, cell oil inspector, was appointed in spite of the gang. The gang is now finding that he is incompetent, corrupt and a general nuisance, and demands that he be fired.

Congressman Charles Curtis says that he is not trying to dictate to the other Kansas congressmen whom they shall support for speaker. Curtis says he inclines to Sherman.

Topeka is at last fighting Kansas City. But it is too late. Topeka will continue to buy her silks and satins at Kansas City and her needles and pins at home for all time to come. She became a runt by her own folly.

Sedgwick Panograph: The last lecture Fred Funston delivered in Kansas was at Halstead, where he was met at the depot by a procession consisting of Ed Bookwater, one disinterested citizen and a yellow dog. It would be different now.

A Newton attorney says that if he were governor he would permit the sentence of death to be carried out against the men under than sentences in no penitentiary. His name is not given, and the chances are that he will never be governor.

Fred Funston should plunge into politics. No fame is stable that is not stimulated by denial and antagonism and ridicule, which political fame, while seemingly suffering from, really thrives upon. Funston must get into politics or his fame will be yawned to death.

Funston's nature is attuned to one thing—the genius of initiative. He didn't do much in Cuba, but it was an unusual stroke of courage to go down there, when he could have remained at home comfortable and happy. His subsequent career depended on this Cuban trip.

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and welcomes the



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Our Millinery department is the most complete in the state. High class Hats at modest prices. Sole agents for the celebrated "Knox" Sailor.

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Hope you'll have a red hot time while you're in town. Whenever you trail around this way drop in. You'd tell your wives—if you can think of it—about this

Special Hat Sale...

We Are Going to Have Tomorrow.

Sale begins at 9 a. m., and they are bargains—bright, clean, new bargains. These are trimmed and untrimmed, short back Panama Sailors. One price for the trimmed hats and another price for the untrimmed ones. Your wives will

know all about the quality of Panama hats—their pliability, durability and attractiveness. The softness of the straw allows them to be changed in shape to become any face. The trimmed hats are done in chiffons, flowers, ribbons, fancy pins and buckles in a hundred choices. Such trimmed hats usually sell at \$4.50 each. The untrimmed Panama sailors usually sell at \$1.25 each.

Tomorrow at 9 a. m.

Untrimmed Hats, 50c. Trimmed Hats, \$2.48.

Boston Store,

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Special Sale...

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